



THE GOONIESTM STORYBOOK

BASED ON
THE MOTION PICTURE
FROM WARNER BROS., INC.

BASED ON THE STORY BY STEVEN SPIELBERG
AND THE SCREENPLAY BY CHRIS COLUMBUS

THE
GOONIES™



STORYBOOK

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Based on the Motion Picture from Warner Bros., Inc.

Story by Steven Spielberg

Screenplay by Chris Columbus

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A Little Simon Book

Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York

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Published by Little Simon,
a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.
Simon & Schuster Building
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10020

Manufactured in the United States of America
10987654321

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*I will never betray my Goon Dock friends.
We will stick together until the whole world
ends. Through heaven and hell, and nuclear
war, good pals like us will stick like tar. In the
city, or the country, or the forest, or boonies,
I am proudly declared one of the Goonies!*

—Goony oath



Free at last! Francis Fratelli was finally making his getaway, escaping from his jail cell! A blaring alarm sounded and several guards chased Francis out of the prison. But Francis was met outside by his brother Jake and his mother. As he jumped into their car, Jake leaned out the window and poured a stream of gasoline onto the road. Then Mama Fratelli dropped her lighted cigarette into it and—BOOM! A wall of fire rose up between the guards and the Fratellis.

The chase was on! Two police cars were in hot pursuit of the Fratelli gang's off-road-vehicle.



Mama Fratelli, smiling wickedly, was at the wheel. Her car's speedometer wavered past 100 mph. Mama was frenzied—her goal was to lose the cops, no matter what.

The cars whizzed along the main road of the Goonies' hometown, Astoria. Mama made a quick turn off the main road and careened through the grassy field of the high school football team. A group of high school cheerleaders practiced to the tune of "Better Be Good to Me."

Shots rang out. Bullets ripped through the side of the four-wheeler. The cars whizzed past the Hillside Country Club and headed for the marina.

Mama checked her rearview mirror. The police were closing in. She turned to her sons and shouted, "Duck down, boys!"

Jake and Francis dove for the floor. Mama pulled on a black helmet, pushing down its visor to mask her face. Mama made a sudden turn onto Main Street, where a crowd of people had gathered to view the Astoria Off-Road-Vehicle Race.

Forty vehicles were lined up at the starting line. All of their drivers wore helmets, their dark face visors pulled down. Mama pulled her car into the lineup.

The starting flag was waved, and the race was on! Mama's off-road-vehicle became lost in the crowd of similar black four-wheelers.

The Fratelli boys looked back at the cops and laughed devilishly.





Only one Goony had witnessed the chase: Lawrence "Chunk" Cohen. Chunk was a pudgy, clumsy fourteen-year-old who often made up fabulous lies to get attention. He saw the chase as it was reflected in the screen of the video game he was playing. Startled, he spilled his milkshake over his shirt and dropped his pizza. As he caught sight of the bullet holes on the side of the Fratelli car, he gave a low whistle. "Would you look at that," he muttered under his breath.

"Nothing exciting ever happens around here anyway!" Mikey Walsh complained to his older brother, Brand. "Who needs the Goon Docks! I can't wait to move."

Brand was hanging upside down from a chinning bar. "Really?" he asked.

"No, I don't really mean it," Mikey sighed. "I was

just trying to make myself feel better."

"I know how you feel, wimp. I sure am going to miss this place."

The allergic Mikey gave himself a shot of asthma spray and gazed with admiration at his old brother. Brand was a handsome, muscular sixteen-year-old.

Just then, Clarke "Mouth" Devereux burst in on the twosome. Clarke quickly picked up the feeling of gloom in the air.

"What's this?" he shouted. "Finklestein's Funeral Parlor? C'mon, dudes! This is our last Goony weekend!"

Before Brand or Mikey could answer, the gate bell sounded. "Let me in!" shouted Chunk.

"Jerk Alert!" Mouth screamed.

"Hey, guys...I just saw the most amazing thing..."

"Before we let you in, you'd better do the 'Truffle Shuffle,'" commanded Mouth.

Chunk sighed, lifted up his shirt, exposed his



pudgy middle, and began to twist and shake. Mouth roared with laughter.

Mikey, who was not amused, ran to the window, opened it, and dropped a stone. The stone hit a strategically placed shovel, triggering a fantastic chain of events that opened the gate for Chunk.

"You guys shoulda seen it..." blurted Chunk. "Cop cars...chasing this four-wheel deal...it was the most amazing thing I ever saw!"

"More amazing than the time Michael Jackson came over to your house to use the bathroom?" Mikey asked.

"And more amazing than the time you ate your weight in Straw Hat pizza?" Mouth added.

"Honest, you guys. This time it's for real!" pleaded Chunk.

But it was hard to believe him. His past fibbing was something he could not easily overcome.

Mikey heard the James Bond theme outside. For Mikey, the theme was a signal, and he walked to the window and opened it.

Within a few seconds, Ricky "Data" Wing arrived, propelled by a contraption he invented himself. Data's arrival was an event—an event that sent Mikey, Brand, and Chunk colliding and falling into one another.

"Any of you guys ever heard of Detroit?" Data asked. "Well, that's where we're moving when we lose our house tomorrow."



Mikey said, "You shut up about that stuff. It'll never happen. Dad will fix it."

Brand, who knew better, said, "Not unless he gets his next four hundred paychecks by tomorrow afternoon." Brand led everybody to the window. He pointed to three men in leisure suits, who were looking at Mikey's house.

The Goonies watched sadly, knowing only too well the meaning behind the scene they were observing. Mr. Perkins, one of the group, was buying up every house in the Goon Docks. He then planned to total the entire neighborhood and build a golf course.

"This is war," Data fumed. "Go on, Mikey. Open that window. I'll get 'em. I got all my special 007 assault options all rigged."

Data opened his jacket and removed his cassette player. Inside Data's shirt was a special device. Data pulled a cord and two rubber-tipped darts flew out of the sides of his eyeglasses. Unfortunately, the darts malfunctioned and ended up attached to the window.

"Pinchers of peril!" Data screamed angrily.

"Cool it, Double-Oh-Negative!" Mouth insisted.

"Yeah, Data. None of your stuff ever works anyway," said Mikey.

Mikey and Brand's mother arrived home with a housekeeper. "Boys," Mrs. Walsh said, "this is Rosalita. Because of my accident with that spindryer, Rosalita's here to help with the packing."

Mrs. Walsh continued, "Rosalita doesn't speak a word of English. I know some of you have taken Spanish in school..."

"I speak perfect Spanish, Mrs. Walsh," Mouth said.

"Then come with us, Clarke, on a tour of the house. You can help explain things to Rosalita."

When Mouth returned from the tour of the house, Mrs. Walsh took Rosalita with her to shop for groceries. Mouth turned to Mikey. "Why doesn't your father like anybody up in the attic?" he asked.

"It's not his stuff up there," said Mikey. "He's gotta give it back to the museum."

"Let's go up and see if there's anything we can take for our parents!" Mouth suggested.

"Yeah."



"Cool!"

"Let's do it!"

Everybody ran off, leaving Mikey behind to protest in vain.

The Goonies ran to the attic. Mikey followed reluctantly. Brand was the first to enter through a trapdoor in the floor.

Mouth said, "I can't believe somethin' this cool is in your house."

"Yeah," said Chunk. "We only keep old Christmas decorations in our attic."

Suddenly there was a thundercrack. Then a flash of lightning lit the sky.

"Okay," Mikey said. "You guys saw it. Let's get outta here."

"What's the matter?" Brand taunted. "Scared again?"

"Yeah...just like you in the elevator," Mikey snapped.

Brand grabbed his brother in a tight headlock and threatened, "You shut up about the elevator! You understand? Huh?"

Mikey nodded, wheezing. Brand released him, and while Mikey lay on the floor, he led the others on a trek through the attic.

Mouth and Data found large pirate hats with feathers. Brand grabbed a sword. Chunk put on a pirate coat and scarf.

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Data. "All this stuff belonged to guys who walked on the same ground that we do, went swimming in the same ocean, breathed the same air..."





"They had to breathe the Herring Factory air, too?" Chunk asked.

"Naw, they didn't have herring then. This was right after Christopher Columbus... the sixteenth century. They only had ships. They were adventure guys and explorers who made maps, captured Indians, and spent all their time killin' each other with swords."

Mikey spotted something that caught his interest. It was an old map. He wished he could read it, but it was covered by a yellow, dusty piece of glass. He knew there was only one way to decipher the faded writing—break the glass. But he could not bring himself to do it.

Mikey noticed Chunk struggling to remove his foot from a paint can. He smiled to himself as he held out the map, "Hey, Chunk. Hold this for me."

Chunk nodded and took the map from Mikey. It was only a matter of minutes before Chunk lost his balance and dropped the map.

Mikey, pretending to be angry, shouted, "Can't you do anything right?"

Chunk shrugged, embarrassed. Mikey picked the map from the rubble and easily slid it out of its frame. With it came a small, gold doubloon.

Mikey was fascinated by the map. He noticed the Spanish writing, an intricate drawing of a coastline, and a mountainous cliff. Below it was a large X.

Mikey stared at the signature on the map: One-Eyed Willy. Suddenly, Brand grabbed the map from Mikey's hands. The other Goonies gathered around.

Mouth translated a Spanish phrase:

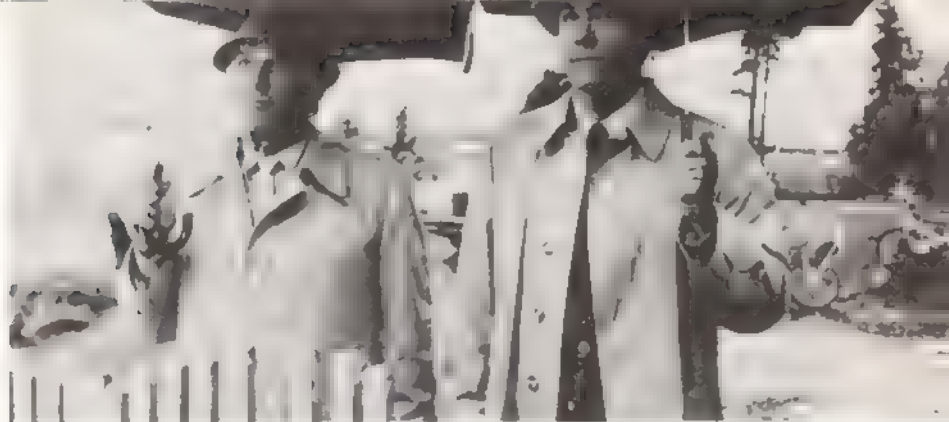
*Ye intruders beware, crushing death and grief,
Soaked with blood, of the trespassing thief.*

Data shrugged and said, "That map's old news. Everybody and his grandfather went after One-Eyed Willy's riches years ago, and nobody ever found nothin'."

"But... but what if... what if!! What if this leads to One-Eyed Willy's rich stuff?" Mikey asked.

Before anyone could answer, Brand interrupted. "Take off all that junk. My mom's back."

The Goonies quickly removed the pirate clothing they were wearing and rushed downstairs to answer the front door.



Mr. Perkins and his cronies were outside.

"Hello, little guys," said Perkins, who had the nasty habit of talking to kids as if they were infants.

Brand said, "My Dad's not here."

"Is Mommy home?" asked Mr. Perkins.

Brand, bristling at this remark, answered, "No, sir. She's out at the market buying Pampers for all us kids."

"Well," Mr. Perkins said with a false laugh, "you can give these papers to your father to read over...and sign. Somebody from my office will pick them up in the morning."

Mikey said, "If I found One-Eyed Willy's treasure, I'd pay all Dad's bills. Maybe he could get to sleep at night...instead of sittin' up trying to figure out a way for us to stay here." The boys agreed but fell into silence.

Brand broke the gloom by pulling Mikey by the hair in a gesture of playful protectiveness. Then Brand turned and left the group for a workout in his exercise area.



Mikey, after making sure that Brand was out of sight, sneakily removed the map from under his shirt. As he unfolded it, the other Goonies gathered around to study One-Eyed Willy's chart.

Mikey, Chunk, Mouth, and Data were playing marbles while Brand pulled a metal-spring chest exerciser across his chest. The exercise room was quiet.

Mouth gave a nod to his marble-playing friends. They nodded back. While Mikey gathered his marbles, Chunk, Mouth, and Data snuck behind Brand. They quickly grabbed the chest exerciser out of Brand's hands and wrapped it around his chest and arms! Brand was trapped!

"Hey! Wait... Lemme out!"

The group ran outside, ignoring Brand's screams. As a safeguard, they let the air out of Brand's bicycle tires before jumping on their own bikes and pedaling away.

The Goonies ended up at the Stop 'n' Snack, a local teenage hangout. Chunk gobbled Twinkies; Data fiddled with a broken cash register, trying to repair it for the checkout lady; Mouth thumbed through some magazines.

Mikey ran over to Mouth. "What if they start tearing down our houses?"

"Easy, dude—let your folks handle this."

Mikey didn't answer Mouth, for he was distracted by a tourist map, which he noticed on the lower shelf of the magazine stand.

Mikey sat himself down on the floor and laid the local tourist map next to the treasure map. As he compared the two, he was sure that the coastline paths of both maps were identical. Wow!

"Jerk Alert!" Mouth shouted, pointing to the entrance to the store.



Troy Perkins, seventeen-year-old son of Mr. Perkins, strutted in. With Troy were Andy Carmichael and her best friend, Stef Steinbrenner. Andy was the cutest girl in town; she wore Troy's white letter-sweater over her cheerleaders outfit.

Troy walked straight to the magazine rack and grabbed Mouth's magazine. Troy noticed Mikey's map and realized that it was important to him. He grabbed it, too.

"Let go!" shouted Mikey. "That's art you're messin' with."

Troy held the map above Mikey's head. Then he rolled the precious parchment as if it were a cigarette. Much to Mikey's horror, Troy lit the map with a butane lighter and took a long "puff."

Mouth stepped forward with an insult aimed at Troy's mother. Troy exploded at Mouth's remark and leaped at him. Troy's hands dropped the map as his fists threw wild punches.

Mikey quickly stomped out the fire. Then he rushed to the aid of his friend. While Troy threw punches at Mouth, Mikey leaped onto Troy.

Mikey tugged at Troy until he released Mouth. Troy whirled around. Snarling with rage, he made a huge fist and pulled back, ready to punch Mikey when...

Brand suddenly jerked Troy's hand back!

"Nobody hits my brother except me!" Brand shouted in a threatening voice.



Mikey spun around and discovered that Brand had gotten free. He knew he hadn't heard the end of that subject.

Brand grabbed Troy by the shirt, ready to fight. Troy was scared. Forcing a cocky grin, he looked at the Goonies and said, "Can't wait 'til Monday...when my Dad kicks you all out in the street." He chuckled and, turning to Andy, said, "I'll be outside." Then he strutted out of the Shop 'n' Snack and headed for his shiny, red convertible.

Mikey carefully unrolled the map and breathed a sigh of relief when he discovered only its edges were singed.

Brand grapped the map and tucked it into his back pocket. He looked at his little brother and said, "Mom's waitin' for you. You just blew your whole life, pal. You know you weren't supposed to leave the house."



Mouth started to sing: "Here's to good friends, tonight is kinda special." As the song continued, Mouth managed to use his free hand to remove the map from Brand's pocket.

All at once, the Goonies made a run for it! Mouth, Mikey, Data, and Chunk ran outside with Brand in hot pursuit. The four boys were able to jump on their bikes and race off before Brand could catch them or get back the map.

Mikey and his friends rode along the coastal road. They looked back often to check whether Brand was behind them.

Around one of the bends, three tall, narrow rocks rose from the ocean in a V pattern. Mikey thought, "I know this place. It's important."

Mikey motioned to his friends and told them to stop. He took out the map and led them across the

bridge, onto a rocky beach. He reassured Chunk, Data, and Mouth that he knew where he was headed.

When he took the gold coin out of his pocket, Mikey was able to use the notches in the coin as clues. Mikey said, "See this... here's where we are now."

Mikey excitedly pointed to the map, then suddenly became puzzled, for the map seemed to end. Fortunately, he was smart enough to fold it like a Mad Magazine back cover, and the folded sections formed a second map!

Mikey pointed to an X on the map and announced, "This is where the rich stuff's buried... down there some place."

Mouth translated a Spanish phrase written beside the line of footprints sketched on the map:

*Six times five, stretching feet,
To lowest point, get the treat!*



"Six times five. That's thirty," Mikey said.

"Stretching feet...your feet stretch when you walk," Data said.

"I got it," Mikey shouted. "If we walk thirty paces...the lowest point...we'll get the treat."

Chunk was nervous. "I dunno...it's getting late. My mom's gonna be worried. Besides, if we walk down to that creepy restaurant...What's that place doing open in the fall?"

The kids suddenly noticed a dark car pulling into the restaurant's driveway. Two tall men climbed out and entered the shadowy building.

"See, two customers," Data said.

Chunk was still nervous.

Mikey asked, "Hey, Data, did you bring your binoculars?"

Data fumbled underneath his shirt for the cord of his binoculars, pulled it, and screamed, "Spy eyes!"

The binoculars rose from the contraption on Data's chest, but of course, they did not work as planned. When Data tried to look through them, the glasses flew from his nose and shot forward. Data shrugged.

Mikey convinced his friends to follow him toward the restaurant. "The place is obviously open for business. We can pretend we're coming in for somethin' to eat."

The Goonies walked through an eerie graveyard toward the Lighthouse Lounge. Suddenly a loud crackling noise rang out, followed by another, and another. The boys froze.

"Gunshots," Chunk said.

Mikey was annoyed. "Gunshots! Jeezzz. Chunk, turn off your brain. Somebody probably dropped a pot in the kitchen!"

Mikey continued to move forward. The gang followed cautiously, eyes darting in every direction. Finally, they reached the restaurant. Mikey, Data, and Mouth peered through the filthy windows.

The restaurant was dark and dusty. It appeared deserted. Nothing moved, except... a woman and two men who were dragging two long, limp, heavy objects into a back room.



Chunk was investigating the garage. He pushed on the door and it flew open. Rays from the setting sun reflected off a black vehicle riddled with bullet holes. Chunk yelped and ran to tell the others.

By the time Chunk reached the Goonies, they were already inside the restaurant. He tugged on their clothing. "We gotta get outta here! I just saw the..."

Crash! A door slammed and the Goonies jumped!

A shadowy figure stood by the restaurant door. Menacingly, the person stepped into the light. It was Mama Fratelli! And only Chunk knew who she was.

Mama called to the back room, "Jake, we got customers."

Jake poked his head out. "What do you mean, customers!?"

Then Jake caught sight of the kids.

"Warm up the stove," Mama ordered.

The Goonies sat at a wobbly, filthy, sticky table set with yellow dishes and rusty silverware. Chunk tried to explain to his friends about the Fratellis, but he was so excited only air came out.

Mama announced, "We got a specialized menu here. We serve one thing—Fresh Fish Surprise."

"What kinda fish?" Chunk asked.

Mama slammed her hand on the table. "I said it's a surprise!"

"Okay. Okay. I'll take it," Chunk stammered.

"Just water for me," Mikey said nervously.

Mouth, with a forced Italian accent, ordered. "I'd like the antipasto salad, the fettucini Alfredo, the veal scallopine, and..."



Angrily, Mama leaned toward Mouth and grabbed his tongue. She removed a knife from her pocket and put the blade against Mouth's tongue.

"We got one more thing on the menu," she said. "Tongue!" And with a menacing smile, she added, "You boys like tongue?"

Terrified, the Goonies shook their heads.

Mama released Mouth's tongue and walked into the kitchen.

Mikey got up and used Mama's absence to search for a trapdoor—anything that might lead to the buried treasure. The Goonies could hear Mama and Jake arguing in the kitchen.

Data asked, "What about those two guys who came in before us? What happened to them?"



Chunk, who was finally able to talk, said, "Guys...if we don't get outta here now...garage... four-wheel drive...bullet holes the size of Big Macs..."

Mouth interrupted, "Chunk, I'm getting really tired of all your stories."

Suddenly, after some loud, frightening sounds, Francis Fratelli stormed into the dining room. He was screaming, boiling mad. "How am I supposed to finish up downstairs..." Francis stopped when he saw the boys. Looking as if he were caught doing something wrong, he dashed back through the door and locked it behind him.

Mama returned, carrying water glasses filled with rusty, orange liquid.

Jake followed. He clunked down a huge, steaming pot, filled with fish heads, bones, and black liquid. "Fish Surprise, anyone?" he smirked.

"Yummy," Chunk said, barely veiling his disgust. Mama checked the pot. "Jake, feed your brother."

"I fed it last night," Jake answered. "Let Francis. I hate going down there. It..."

Mama pushed Jake. "Francis is busy. Now get going!"

Reluctantly, Jake carried the pot through a crooked, wooden door and disappeared into the darkness.

"'Scuse me, Ma'am," Mikey addressed Mama. "Where's the men's room?"

Mama glared at Mikey. "Can't you hold it, boy?"

Mouth devilishly poured a thin, noisy stream of liquid from one glass to another.

"Lady, please!" Mikey begged.

"Downstairs," Mama growled. "To your right. And stay to your right!"

"Mikey, don't," Chunk pleaded.

Ignoring Chunk's warning, Mikey walked down the narrow flight of creaking basement steps. He found himself in a long hallway. Mikey took out his map to help him figure out where he was.

Weird sounds—growling, screaming, grunting—came from the opposite side of the hallway. Mikey found these frightening noises and realized they were coming from behind a thick, wooden door.

When he peered inside a tiny crack, Mikey was shocked at the sight. Jake, holding the stew pot, was



standing over an enormous hulk. "Here, boy. You hungry? Want your supper?"

Jake dangled the pot inches from the creature's outstretched fingers. Then, on purpose, he dropped the pot. The creature whimpered.

"Sorry, fella. Maybe tomorrow night," said Jake.

Mikey took one last terrified look at the creature, then sprinted off down the hallway and back up the stairs.

Mikey rushed into the dining room and collided head on with Brand! "Death's too good for you," Brand shouted. "I'm savin' you for Mom."

"Can we go now, you guys?" Chunk asked. "I think I'm gonna be sick."

Mama walked back into the room, startling Brand. Anxious to be rid of the boys, she said, "It's all right, boys. Go on home. It's on the house."

Relieved, the Goonies fled. Mama turned the CLOSED sign facing out.

The Goonies hid in the graveyard. Mikey tried to explain what he saw in the basement. "They got an 'It'... A giant 'It', and they got it chained to a wall."

"Lookit there! Lookit there!" Chunk said, pointing toward the garage.

The Fratellis had jammed one large bag in a hidden compartment in their four-wheeler and were attempting to load another. But they gave up and Jake and Francis carried the second bag back into the restaurant. When they returned, Mama drove off.

"Hey, the place is ours," Mikey said.





Chunk was terrified. "Our parents are gonna be worried! Let's go home."

Mikey quickly answered. "What home? This is our time. Our last time to see if the treasure's buried someplace in there."

Mikey pulled the map from his pocket and tried to read it. Darkness made reading impossible. "Anybody got a match?" he asked.

Two small flames suddenly appeared, held by Andy and Stef. "We ditched Troy and followed you," Andy explained.

Mikey, with the aid of the matches and the map, led everybody back to the front door of the restaurant. The door was locked, but Chunk rammed it. WHAM!

"We gotta get to the lowest spot," Mikey said, consulting the map. He broke away and opened the basement door.

Stef heard the low growling sound first.

"That's the 'It,'" Mikey said. "Wanna see it?"

"No way," everybody answered.

"Don't worry," said Mikey. "It's chained up."

Mikey slowly reached out and grabbed the door-knob. All at once, there was an enormous GRRRRR-ROOOOOOWWWWLLLL!

The Goonies screamed and jumped back. They tumbled into one another and into Brand and Andy, who were in the next room. The creature was on its feet, but everyone else was on the floor.

The Goonies stood up and looked around. They were in a large room, equipped with a giant freezer, large sinks, a water cooler, a stove, and a stone fireplace. A metal printing press stood by a stone window.



Chunk headed straight for the water cooler. On his way, he touched the precious gold coin that he pocketed after the mad scramble on the floor.

"Guess this is as good a place as any to start diggin'," Mikey announced, pointing to a spot in the center of the floor.

Mikey smashed a fireplace poker against the concrete floor, but it didn't make a dent. Brand shook his head. "C'mon, Mikey. You're embarrassin' me. There's nothin' buried under here."

"I know how to get through the cement," Mouth said. "Put Hershey's syrup all over the floor and let Chunk eat through it."

Chunk raised his head from the faucet. "Mouth, that's all I can stand, and I can't stand no more..."





Chunk's sudden movement caused the cooler to fall off its base and smash to the floor. Water flooded the concrete and trickled into the fireplace.

Mikey paused. "Listen," he whispered. "It's deep. There must be some kind of opening or passageway."

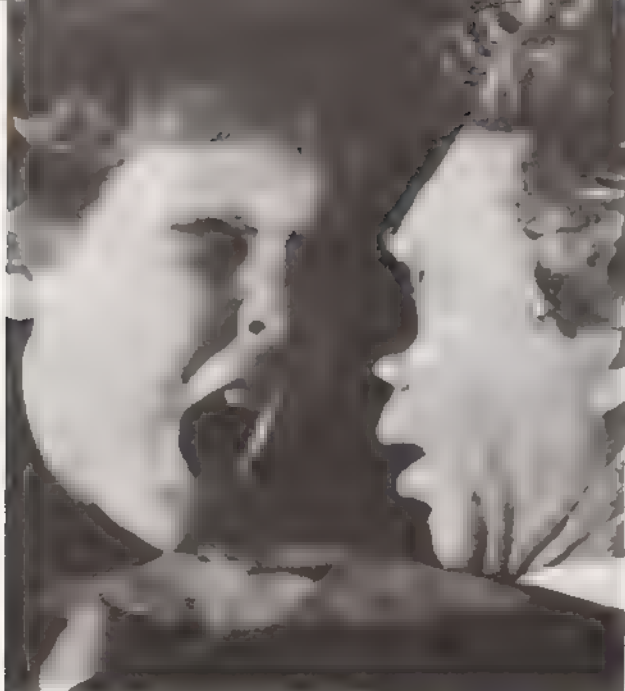
Brand was annoyed at his brother, but intrigued at the idea of discovering a tunnel. Brand kicked away the burning logs, pried the grating loose, then began stomping at the bricks on the fireplace floor. He kicked so furiously, his leg shot through the floor. Mikey was right—there was an opening.

A loud noise rocked the room. Data turned on the printing press. A fresh sheet of perfectly printed counterfeit fifty-dollar bills slipped out of the machine.

"Hey, guys, check this out," Data said.

"Bogus bills."

"I knew those people were from the ozone," Mikey said.



Chunk, who had been trying to figure out how to open the freezer, shouted, "See! You guys never believe me! And now look what you got yourselves into!"

Suddenly, the freezer handle snapped. The freezer door flew open and there stood a corpse, an FBI badge pinned to the lapel of his dark suit. The body fell forward and hit the floor. All of the Goonies dashed from the room.

The kids ran down the hallway and started up the stairs. But the familiar voices of Mama, Jake, and Francis made them sprint back to the counterfeit room. The Fratellis had returned!

"What do we do?" Brand asked.

"But the body back in the freezer," Mikey answered.

The Goonies rushed over to where Chunk was already lifting the body. They managed to lift the man to his feet and shove him back into the freezer. Unfortunately, Chunk did not get out of the way quickly enough and he, too, was pushed inside.

Chunk shivered with cold and fear. He was trapped eye-to-eye with a frozen corpse!

Mikey motioned for everyone to crawl into the fireplace passageway. Brand hesitated, peering into the darkness. "Geez... Looks kinda small," he said.

"Oh, yeah? Like the elevator. Remember?" Mikey said.

"I told you to shut up about that."

Mama and her boys were right outside the door. Brand quickly crawled inside. Mikey followed and managed to pull the grating back into place just as the Fratellis entered.



Jake moved to open the freezer door, but Mama noticed the broken water cooler. She knew things were not as she left them. "Let's go check your brother," she said. "He better not have busted his chains again. I ain't going back to the zoo for another set."

Chunk slowly opened the freezer door. He dashed to the fireplace. "Lemme in! Lemme in!" he pleaded.

Mikey whispered, "No! You gotta get out! Get the police!"

Chunk heard the Fratellis returning. With surprising grace, he leaped over the press and crawled out of the window a split second before they re-entered the room.

"I knew he couldn't break those chains," Mama snarled.

"Maybe it was one of them tremors, Ma," Jake suggested.

Mama shrugged. "Let's take care of the other body."

The Goonies descended into a pitch-dark, man-made passageway. Frightened, they huddled together.

"I saw my first dead body," Andy whimpered.

"We gotta look for a way out," Brand said.

"Data, you got any light on you?" Mikey asked.

"Yeah," Data answered as he reached inside his shirt. He pulled a cord and shouted, "Bully Blinders!!"

Two blinding lamps momentarily flashed from Data's hips, then fizzled out. Data shrugged. "Only problem...batteries don't live so long..."



Data reached into his backpack and continued, "So I have Father's backyard light."

Brand grabbed it. "I'll walk ahead," he said.

"Walk?!" Mouth blurted. "What about RUN?!"

Chunk headed for the road toward town. Suddenly he was blinded by a pair of bright headlights. He waved his arms and a car stopped.

A man stepped from the vehicle. Chunk could hardly see him. But he heard him ask, "Is there something wrong?"

Chunk answered in panic, "I need a ride. My friends and I just had a run-in with these really gross people...the Fratellis...we found their hideout! If you could gimme a ride to the police station..."

The man motioned to Chunk. Walking past the blinding headlights, Chunk could finally see the car. It was the same black off-road-vehicle riddled with bullet holes that he had seen at the Fratellis. Chunk turned white.

Jake Fratelli grabbed Chunk around the waist and dragged him, screaming, to the rear of the vehicle. Once again, Chunk found himself face-to-face with a corpse!

Brand led the Goonies deeper into the dark tunnel. Shafts of dusty light dimly lit the cavern. Overhead, metal pipes dangled from the low ceiling.

Stef nudged Mouth. "Your dad's a plumber. What are those pipes?"

"Gas. Sewage. Water."

"Water pipes? You think if we started bangin' on them, somebody upstairs might hear?" Brand asked.

Mouth nodded and started to rap on a pipe. The others picked up rocks and joined in. Mikey crazily banged out a beat. Andy swung from the pipes like a gymnast. Brand hung upside down. Soon the pipes were twisted and tangled.

What the Goonies did not know was that they were directly under Hillside Country Club. Above them, three fat Hillside members were showering. Suddenly, their water faucets were sucked into the wall. Shocked, the men stared in confusion. Abruptly, filthy water exploded from the holes in the tile, drenching the men.



By the tennis court, a player paused to drink from a fountain. Just as he stopped to take a gulp, the entire fountain sank several inches. Confused, the player bent lower. The fountain shot upward, smashing him in the chin and knocking him out.

In the tunnel, the pipes had assumed lives of their own, spraying water and bouncing as if they were part of some wild carnival ride. Steam hissed loudly; the pipes churned crazily.

"Reverse pressure! Let's get outta here!" Mouth screamed.



In the Fratelli basement, Jake held a gun to Chunk's forehead. Chunk, tied to a chair with an extension cord, sweated nervously as he watched eggplant being crushed in a blender.

Mama spoke. "First we'll start with your pudgy little fingers. Then your round little hands. Then your fleshy arm. Now, you gonna tell me where your little friends are?"

Immediately, Chunk answered, "In the fireplace!"

"Don't lie to me, boy!" Mama said.

"Honest," said Chunk. "We got this map from Mikey's dad. It said that underneath this place there's buried treasure."

Jake grabbed Chunk and shook him. "Enough stories! We want the truth! Tell us everything! Everything!"

Chunk babbled hysterically, "Okay...in third grade, I cheated on my history exam. In fourth grade, I stole my uncle's toupee and glued it on my face when I played one of the Wise Men in our Christmas play..."

Chunk rambled. The Fratellis just looked at each other.

The frightened Goonies ventured deeper into the passageway. Suddenly, Andy screamed, "AAHHEEE!!!"

A decayed skeleton lay crushed under a gigantic boulder. Mikey looked up. A row of enormous boulders hung from chains on the ceiling. The skeleton had been the victim of a horrible trap!



Mikey spoke, mostly to himself. "You did this, One-Eyed Willy, didn't you? This is one of your tricks. You wouldn't have gone to all this trouble unless you were hiding something...would you?"

The Goonies examined the skeleton. By its clothing and equipment, they decided the man was once a miner. Data thought for sure he was Chester Copperpot.

"He was an expert, and look what happened to him. What can we expect?" Data asked. He then spread dozens of small red caps across the ground. "Booby traps," he explained. "We'll be able to hear if somebody's following."

Mikey took a medallion from the skeleton's neck and examined it closely. It was an ancient copper





pendant shaped like a skull. Mikey carefully compared the medallion's holes and markings with clues on the map.

Data removed several road flares from the skeleton's backpack. In his haste, he failed to notice that one of the flares was actually a stick of dynamite!

All of a sudden, Andy lost control. "Let's get outta here! Let's keep moving!" she shouted frantically, backing away from the gruesome skeleton. Andy raced off down the tunnel.

Mikey shouted, "Stop, Andy!" but it was too late. Andy's foot snapped a branch. An ominous creaking echoed through the tunnel, and the boulders began to waver and roll.

Everyone panicked. Dashing forward, they snapped branch after branch as they attempted to beat

a retreat. Boulders crashed and tumbled behind them. The Goonies ran wildly, the shower of deadly boulders narrowly missing them. When the last boulder crashed, it blocked the way back down the tunnel.

"Listen! Something's behind there!" Stef whispered, pointing to a small, circular boulder.

"Maybe it's a way out!" Andy suggested hopefully.

The kids struggled unsuccessfully to move the rock. Finally, Brand pushed the others aside. Flexing his muscles, he grabbed the boulder and pulled. Brand grunted. He pulled again and nudged the boulder out of place. The passageway was cleared!

The Goonies poked their heads into the pitch-dark opening. "Hello! Hello! Anybody home?" Brand asked.

The answer to Brand's call was a screech and a whistle from a black-winged creature with sharp teeth and blood-red eyes.

"Bats! Bats! Run!" Screaming and waving their arms, the Goonies fled.

Hundreds of the leather-winged mammals burst from the darkness. Like a black cloud of locusts, the bats flew through the passageway. The Goonies were engulfed in darkness.

Tears streamed down Chunk's pudgy cheeks. Mama gave Chunk's fat double chin a squeeze. Hard.

"Look, kid. I still ain't heard what I wanted. Now where are your friends?" Mama asked.



"I told ya...in the fireplace. They took out the logs, then the grating, then crawled into some secret passageway."

Mama turned to Francis. "Hit 'Puree.'"

Francis hit the button and the blender started with a deadly whirrr! Mama looked at Chunk. "Now, do I get the truth, or do you get juiced?"

"The fireplace! Please believe me!" Chunk sputtered, deathly afraid.

Just then, a loud noise came from the fireplace. The logs seemed to explode. The grating popped. Bats shot into the room and clustered in the shadows near the ceiling.

"The kid wan't lyin'!" Francis muttered, peering into the passageway.

Mama cocked a pistol. "If we find those kids... no witnesses."

Mama pointed her gun at Chunk's forehead. Chunk, tied to the chair, trembled uncontrollably.

"Maybe I better keep 'im alive, just in case he's lyin'," Mama said. "Jake, put 'im in with your brother."

Jake lifted Chunk and the chair. The doubloon fell from Chunk's pocket onto the floor. Mama grabbed the gold coin. "What's this? A Cracker Jack prize?"

"We found that with the map. It's got something to do with the buried treasure," Chunk answered.

Mama was still puzzled. She handed the doubloon to Francis. "You're supposed to be an expert..."

"Oh...my...God..."

Whatever Francis knew, it still remained a puzzle to Mama and Jake.



Now the passageway became extremely small and tight. Everyone was forced to crawl. The lantern flickered. Brand complained. "Hey! We're losin' juice! And where are we goin'? This place is gettin' awful small!"

Mikey whispered to Andy, "Uh-oh. He's getting that elevator look in his eyes." Mikey recalled the time when Brand lost control after being stuck in an elevator for five hours. "He freaked out. Started spinnin' in circles like a breakdancer on fast forward."

"I can't breathe," Brand screamed. "I'm chokin'."

Mikey gave Brand a whiff of his asthma spray, which seemed to calm him. Fortunately, the passageway widened and everyone could walk standing straight up.

"We found it! We found it!" Mikey shouted.

Mikey fell to his knees near a pool of ankle-deep water. The pool was filled with coins. Encouraged, Brand sat at the side of the pool taking deep breaths.

Mikey picked up a coin. The others joined him in filling their pockets with money. Everyone seemed happy.

But Stef interrupted the joyous activity. "Wait a minute," she said slowly, "These are not old coins. We must be at the bottom of a wishing well...."

All of a sudden, something splashed into the pool. Data fished it out and held the glittering silver coin up to the light. "I wonder who's got the cash to be makin' dollar wishes?" he asked.

The answer to Data's question was high above the Goonies' head. Troy Perkins sat with three friends

guzzling beer and tossing coins. Data threw the coin back out of the well and hit Troy squarely on the head!

"Hey! Who's down there?" Troy shouted.

The Goonies cheered from the bottom of the well.

"Throw us a line. Help! We're down here!"

Troy looked at his friends and shouted back into the well. "Andy? Is that your voice I hear?"

Andy answered immediately. "Troy! I'm stuck down here! Send down the bucket and rope! Please! Save me!"

Troy lowered the bucket.

While everyone else waited excitedly for their rescue, Mikey stood alone, studying the medallion and the map. "I know I can beat you. This is just another one of your tricks. Right, One-Eyed Willy?"

Jake and Francis carried Chunk to their brother's cell and put his chair directly beside Sloth. Sloth sat in front of the television, his face a few inches from the screen.

Chunk, nervous and unable to see Sloth's face, introduced himself. "How ya doing? My name's Lawrence. Everybody calls me 'Chunk.' Guess that's because I eat too much Twinkie juice."

Sloth turned from the television screen and emitted a low, terrifying growl. His face was monstrous. One eye sat in the middle of his cheek; his wide nose seemed to stretch across his face; his teeth were



crooked and yellow; his lips thick and dripping with saliva.

Chunk screamed. He was trapped.

Sloth gave a high-pitched giggle. He had found a friend.

Andy put her foot into the bucket Troy sent.

"Andy, wait!" Mikey shouted. "We still have a chance!"

"Of dying!" Andy snapped, tightening her hold on the rope.



"Goonies never say die!" Mikey shouted.

"I'm *not* a Goony," Andy said emphatically.

"Right," Mikey said sadly. "I forgot." He continued talking to the rest of his friends. "You guys, don't you understand? The next time you see the sky it'll be over another town. Our moms and dads want the best for us. But they gotta do what's good for them, because it's their time now. Down here it's *our time!* But that's all over the minute we ride up Troy's bucket."

Everyone listened to Mikey's plea. They were interested. Troy shouted from above, "Hey, Andy! You comin' or not?"

The Goonies fell silent. They stared at Andy. She hesitated. When the bucket reached the top of the well, it was filled with rocks.

In the cavern, Andy solemnly raised her right hand to take the secret Goony oath. Andy repeated every word Mikey said:

*I will never betray my Goon Dock friends.
We will stick together until the whole
world ends. Through heaven and hell, and
nuclear war, good pals like us will stick
like tar. In the city, or the country,
or the forest, or boonies, I am proudly
declared one of the...*

"LEECH!!!" Mikey screamed.

Andy looked down and shrieked. Hundreds of slimy black bloodsuckers covered her arm! As everyone discovered their limbs were also covered with leeches, the underground cavern was filled with screams of terror.

Chunk and Sloth, their mouths watering, sat together watching a chocolate cake commercial on television.

"Chocolate! Chocolate!" Sloth grunted, smiling at Chunk.

Chunk smiled back, for they shared a common love. Chunk remembered something in his pocket and strained against his bonds. After a moment, he produced a candy bar.

Sloth beamed. "Baby Ruth!"

Chunk tried to toss the candy bar to Sloth, but the treat landed between them. Sloth growled angrily. He pulled at his chains, but he couldn't reach the candy.



Chunk watched, frightened, as Sloth jerked harder and harder at the chains. Suddenly, the wall surrounding the chains' bolts began to crack and crumble. Sloth roared, and the bolts burst out of the wall. Sloth's legs were free!

"Geez," Chunk gasped. "You're even hungrier than me."

Sloth then began to strain ferociously against his arm chains.

Deep in the cavern, the Goonies were in a frenzy. Andy tried to shake the leeches from her arms and fingers; Brand tried to yank off the bloodsuckers; Mikey even tried to dance the leeches off! But it was all hopeless. The leeches were stuck like glue.

Data thought fast. He opened his yellow vinyl blanket, removed a 20-volt battery, connected some wires, and waded into the pool. A low voltage shock surged through his body, and the leeches fell off, electrocuted!

Data happily motioned the others into the water. At last, one of his gadgets worked!

The Fratellis trudged through the underground passageway. When they came upon a skeleton, everything clicked for Francis.

"This is Chester Copperpot," he explained to Mama. "He went lookin' for the missing treasure of



William B. Pordobel...better known as One-Eyed Willy."

Mama, holding up the doubloon, asked, "That's where this is from!"

Francis nodded. "One-Eyed Willy was one of the most ingenious pirates of the sixteenth century. The guy started out as a court jester, but was banished from five Spanish courts because of his practical jokes."

Jake grabbed the coin from Mama. He stayed behind examining the doubloon, as Mama and Francis walked on.

"So," Francis continued his story, "Willy formed this pirate band and they set sail on this ship, *Infemo*. Willy and his men marauded hundreds of the king's ships. They accumulated a treasure worth millions. Legend has it that while bein' attacked by three of the king's ships, Willy steered his stricken ship into a hidden underground cavern...which the British sealed with their cannon fire. Willy and the other survivors spent the next couple of years hidin' out, tryin' to repair the *Infemo*. They built a bunch of underground caves loaded with all kindsa weird booby traps to protect the treasure. One of his men escaped to tell Willy's story." Francis paused and shrugged his shoulders. "And that's been the local legend around here for a couple of hundred years."

Suddenly there was a very loud bang. Jake jumped, then began to run. Again a bang! And again! Jake fired his pistol. Mama and Francis ducked for cover.

Up ahead, the Goonies froze in their tracks as they heard the banging behind them in the passageway.

"What was that?" asked Brand, panicking. "What was that sound?"

"My booby caps," Data said triumphantly. He held some up. "I put these on the ground so we can hear if somebody's following us!"

The kids glanced at each other nervously.

Then Stef screamed. "That means somebody's following us!"

The Goonies took off down the passageway as fast as they could run.

When the dust settled, Mama examined the floor. She picked up a row of caps from beneath Jake's shoe. Immediately, she slapped Jake on the head. "What's your problem?" Mama said angrily. "Firin' your gun over a buncha kiddie caps?"

The Goonies ran on, Data leading the way with a flare. The kids rounded a corner and found themselves in a dead end. Suddenly the flare went out. Data grabbed for another, but it was too late. Brand was already panicking.

Great!" he said, breathing heavily. "A dead end! Now what? Huh?"

"We go back the same way we came in," replied Andy calmly.

Mikey checked the map, looking puzzled. He began talking to himself. "It's gotta go on," he muttered. "Right, One-Eyed Willy? You wouldn't end it here. You always got somethin' up your sleeve..."

Meanwhile, Brand was growing more and more frightened. "I can't breathe!" he exclaimed. "It's too small in here! You guys are usin' up all the air! It's too small!"

At that moment Mikey found a Spanish phrase written on the map at the point marking the dead end the Goonies stood in. He pointed it out excitedly to Mouth....

Copper bones, triple stones, westward foams!



Mouth translated the Spanish for Mikey.

Mikey held up the medallion. "Here's copper bones," he said, but the rest of the riddle puzzled him.

Moss-covered walls surrounded them. Brand was still out of control. He shouted, "I can't breathe! You guys sucked all the air! You sucked it all! Lemme out!" He ripped at the mossy walls with his hands, exposing the stone wall beneath.

All the Goonies helped to calm him. When the crisis passed, Mikey noticed stone pegs jutting from the wall, which Brand had stripped completely bare. "Triple stones...triple stones..." he muttered to himself.

Mikey took the three-hole medallion and tried to fit it over three of the jutting pegs. At first, nothing fit. The Goonies, who watched him, thought he was wasting his time. Mouth said, "He's flipped. Just like his brother. We're all going batty. One by one."

Finally, Mikey made a perfect fit over the pegs!

"Westward foam...foams..." Mikey whispered.

"Shaving foam?" Data suggested as a clue.

"Foam on the ocean," Stef shouted.

Mikey nodded, "The ocean's to the west."

Now Mikey knew what to do. He turned the medallion to the west! A loud creaking sound followed. The Goonies were puzzled. They all waited to see what would happen next.

All of a sudden, a cannonball flew out of a secret compartment in the wall. It rolled down a special path and...

A trapdoor flew open. Data, who was standing near the door, fell through the narrow chute, gaining speed as he hurtled downward. Data's screams pierced the air. Then they stopped.

The Goonies were frightened. They gathered around the hole and peered inside. But they could see nothing. Only blackness.

Brand called, "Data? Data?"

Still no answer.

Mouth screamed, "Data! DAAATTTTAAA!" And then said in a whisper, "I could have grabbed him. I was this close..."

Brand said quietly, "He's really gone."

Everyone sobbed. Mikey cried uncontrollably. Brand went to comfort him. Mikey wept, "I'm going to miss the way he used to shout out the names of all those goofy inventions of his... 'Glasses of Death'... 'Bully Blinder'... 'Smoke Screen'..."

"Pinchers of Peril!" a voice echoed from below.

"Data! Data!" Everyone rejoiced. "Are you okay?"

"Pinchers of Peril! I've been saved by my Pinchers of Peril!" Data shouted. "And guys! I've found another hole! A lit tunnel!"

Sloth and Chunk happily shared the Baby Ruth. When the candy was finished, Sloth lifted Chunk up, chair and all, and planted a gentle kiss on his forehead as an expression of friendship.



Chunk made a face. "Yuk, you smell like P.E."

An angry Sloth dropped Chunk's chair to the floor, smashing it to pieces. Now Chunk was free of his chains!

Sloth pulled Chunk toward the kitchen. He ran to the freezer and removed a thick, frozen, T-bone steak. Sloth crunched noisily on the frozen meat, and when he offered a bite to Chunk, the answer was, "You keep it. I like mine less crunchy!"

While Sloth ate, Chunk looked around. He spotted a telephone and dialed.

"Hello? Sheriff? I'm at the old Lighthouse Lounge. Well, I'd like to report a...first, there's a murder..."

actually, two murders. Plus, we found the hideout of those Fratelli people. Then..."

"Wait a minute!" the sheriff said. "Is this you again, Lawrence?"

"Sheriff, this time I'm tellin' the truth!" Chunk answered.

"When are you going to stop?" the sheriff asked. "Do I have to call your mother again?"

"Honest, sheriff. You gotta believe me," Chunk begged. "Wait...hold on...get back here..."

While Chunk talked, Sloth was busy ripping apart a turkey. When one of the drumsticks flew out of Sloth's hand and bounced into the fireplace, Sloth ran to retrieve it. Chunk tried to prevent him from entering the fireplace passageway, but it was no use. Sloth was already on his way!





*Three tunnels of mystery, all lead to unknown,
To travel correctly, tickle the funnybone.*

Once again, Mouth translated for Mikey. The Goonies stood in a circular chamber. A skeleton dressed in a pirate's costume hung suspended in the middle of the room. Was this One-Eyed Willy? Three tunnels led off in different directions from the sides of the room.

The kids were puzzled, confused. Which tunnel should they follow? Where was a funnybone? Mouth tickled behind the skeleton's elbow. Almost immediately another skeleton shot out of one of the caves. As

it whizzed by, it almost chopped off the heads of at least three Goonies.

Then Stef reached out and tickled the dangling skeleton. Abruptly, the skeleton's bones creaked; one arm rose, and the fingers pointed to the third tunnel. Stef smiled. "Door Three, it is," she said. "Let's move!"

When the others began to move through Door Three, Mikey got a sudden idea. He covered his right eye with his hand and stared at the skeleton's finger. He moved his hand, then covered his eyes again. Finally, he spoke.

"So One-Eyed Willy only had one eye. Right? And if ya only have one eye, well ya sorta see things in a different way."

Mikey covered one eye to show the others what he meant. By imitating Mikey, everyone discovered that the skeleton was pointing to the middle tunnel!

The middle tunnel led the Goonies to a cave, the walls of which were lined with countless, living starfish. A long, crooked mast stretched across a deep stream of rushing water. The mast led directly to the mouth of a skull-shaped opening in the opposite wall. For the first time, the Goonies fully realized the magic of the adventure.

Andy whispered to Brand, "Hold my hand. I gotta be sure this is real."

The sound of exploding caps warned everyone that someone or something was not too far behind. "Let's move," Data whispered.

The Goonies jumped onto the mast and carefully made their way toward the opening. The old mast

creaked and groaned. A voice echoed through the cave, "Ohhhhhhhhh, booooooooooysssssss!"

"Jerk Alert!" Mouth shouted.

The group stopped and turned, having made it halfway along the mast. The Fratellis stood at the edge of the subterranean stream!

Mama pointed her gun. "Not one more step," she threatened.

The kids exchanged glances, and ignoring the warning, ran further along the mast toward the cave.

Mama fired several shots. One bullet zipped by Mikey's head, just missing him. Mama and her boys leaped onto the mast. Data turned, and seeing the Fratellis advancing, pulled a cord inside his shirt. "Slick Shoes!" he shouted.

Plastic tubes popped out of the heels of Data's shoes and sprayed black oil, which splattered down the mast. Mama slipped, tumbling back into Jake and Francis. The Fratellis were temporarily grounded!





*To move on, play the tune, as each note is said,
For too many mistakes, ye will surely be dead.*

The Goonies' way was blocked by a giant boulder. Beside the boulder was a pipe organ made of human bones. In order for the Goonies to move ahead, someone had to play a tune on the organ.

No one except Andy knew how to read music. She sat down. The Goonies' fate was in her hands. If she played the correct notes, the boulder would open inch by inch. If she played the wrong ones, the floor would give way, and all of the Goonies would fall to their deaths.

Andy played—note after note. Some were melodic and some were sour. The boulder was slowly creaking open, but the floor was also crumbling underfoot.

“We’re all going to die!” Mouth shouted.

“The Fratellis are coming!” Data screamed.

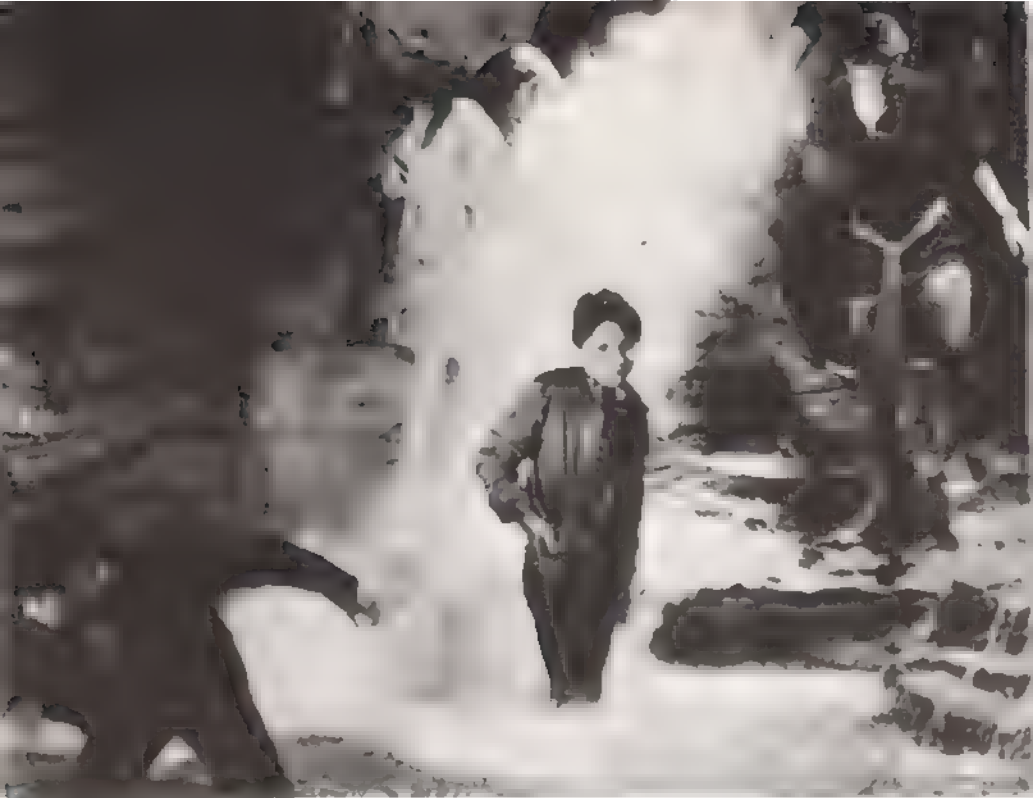
“Don’t mess up another note!” Brand pleaded.

“Just play!” Data said.

Andy closed her eyes and hit a key. A melodic note echoed and the boulder moved away just enough for the Goonies to squeeze through.

The Goonies escaped into a steep, long, circular water slide. They ducked and dodged various jutting rocks and stalactites as they slid to the bottom, screaming.





A stream of water gushed out, and along with it came Brand, Mikey, and Data. Seconds later, Mouth, Stef, and Andy flew out—also ejected from the mouth of the passageway.

Everyone was speechless. They were in an enchanted, magical place—an enormous underground cavern. And the most amazing sight in the place was an authentic, well-preserved pirate ship!



The Goonies climbed aboard. First they explored the top deck, then moved below. Mikey noticed something important in the ceiling—a small, yellow glow shining through the dust. “Yellow stuff,” he said.

Everyone exchanged hopeful glances, for they were sure they had found gold.

“Hey, wait a minute,” Mikey said, pointing to a Spanish riddle carved into a beam. Mouth translated:



*Ye intruders beware, crushing death and grief,
Soaked with blood, of the trespassing thief.*

Data immediately said, "That's the first riddle.
From the attic."

Mikey stood on a bench and excitedly yanked a loose board until it snapped. A glaring shaft of light shone through the rectangular hole. The ship creaked and shuddered.

Mikey beamed as the others anxiously yanked away at the boards, weakening the ceiling. The golden light glowed brighter. Finally, a section of ceiling gave way, tumbling down to reveal a shower of radiance.

The Goonies climbed into the brilliance and entered a magical room, a garden of jewels.





The skeleton of One-Eyed Willy sat at the head of a wooden table, which was piled high with a feast of jewels. Mikey approached the pirate with respect and admiration. "I'm Mikey Walsh," he said. "These are my friends. You've been expecting us."

Mikey smiled. Sitting in front of Willy was an ancient version of an asthma spray device! Curious, Mikey lifted One-Eyed Willy's eye patch. There was no socket beneath, only solid skull!

"One-Eyed Willy! You were the first Goonie," Mikey said.

The Goonies ecstatically stuffed their clothing with treasure. Andy and Stef tried on rings and necklaces. Data coronated himself with an enormous crown. Mikey filled his marble bag. Mouth gathered jewels, working his way toward the small pile in front of One-Eyed Willy.

Mikey stopped. Mouth. "That's his. Don't mess with it."

"Those creeps are still comin' after us," Stef reminded everyone.





"What are we going to do?" Andy asked.

Mikey suggested a plan. "We can leave a trail of this stuff...leadin' to one of those skeleton caves ..."

Mikey was interrupted by the sound of Mama's voice. "That's a good plan. Real good plan."

The kids turned and found themselves face-to-face with Mama, Jake, and Francis.

Data cried out, "This is war! We will not be taken alive!" He opened his shirt, pulled a cord, and screamed, "Intimidator!"

Data began to expand, to grow bigger. He was getting bigger...and bigger...and bigger...until he screamed, "Optional Bully Buster!"

The Fratellis watched Data's body literally explode with junk—plastic projectiles, ball bearings,





bottle rockets, firecrackers. But nothing seemed to work, except...

A suction-cup projectile, which flew out and attached itself to Mama's gun! The projectile started a chain of events, and Mama and Data collided in a shower of sparks. Mama passed out and the Goonies ran out of the room.

The kids raced to the top deck. The Fratelli brothers and a fully revived Mama were in close pursuit. The Fratellis, bigger and faster, managed to surround the kids and capture them.

Mama demanded their treasure. The kids obeyed—rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls rolled out onto the deck. A perfect feast for the greedy Mama Fratelli!

Jake and Francis tied up the kids. Mama walked to a wooden plank, built onto the ship's edge. "Ya wanna play pirate? We'll play," she sneered.

Mama pushed out the plank so that it extended far over the ship's edge. When she finished, she looked the Goonies over, one by one, then planted herself in front of Andy.

"You gross old witch!" Andy screamed, kicking Mama in the shins.

Mama, her eyes glowing with rage, growled, "Move it, sweetie."

Mama forced Andy onto the plank while the other Goonies watched in horror. "Hold your breath," Mama said as she jabbed her with her sword.

Andy fell off the plank, hitting the water below with a loud splash!



"No! No!" Brand cried. He dashed forward and, without thinking, dove into the water to rescue her.

Both Brand and Andy were out of sight. Mama gave a vicious smile. "Two down. Who's next?"

At the bottom of the deep pool, Andy struggled, hands tied, cheeks puffed with air. Brand floated toward her, struggling desperately against his bonds. He managed to free himself from the rope binding his wrists. He swam to Andy's limp body and, cradling her in his arms, kicked powerfully toward the surface.

Above, Mama forced Mouth and Stef to the end of the plank at swordpoint. She pushed them into the icy water. All of a sudden, a scream pierced the air!

Sloth, dressed in pirate clothing, swung dramatically from a rope high on the ship's mast, a curved





sword strapped to his waist. With surprising grace, he swooped down and scooped up Stef and Mouth and placed them gently on the deck.

Everyone's attention focused on Sloth and his incredibly muscular body. "Get him!" Mama rasped.

Jake and Francis charged, swinging their swords. Sloth ducked their weapons and lifted Francis, launching him through the air. The gangster crashed through the head of a wooden mermaid and was knocked unconscious.

As Jake battled Sloth, Chunk snuck on board and untied the remaining Goonies. Seizing an opportunity to put his gadgetry to work, Data joined the battle. "Pinchers of Peril!" he shouted, firing his clapping teeth.

"C'mon! Jump!" Brand shouted from the water. The Goonies dove in, leaving Mama behind to face a growling Sloth.

Mama waved a sword and cooed, "I know I treated ya bad...keepin' ya locked in that room...but it was for your own good."

Sloth walked toward his mother and disarmed her. Then he picked her up, fully prepared to throw her overboard!

"No, wait!" Mama shouted. She began to sing: "Rockabye baby, in the treetop. When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The song brought a pleasant smile to Sloth's face. He gently rocked Mama in his arms.

Mama continued. "When the bow breaks, the cradle will fall..."





Sloth grinned, then dropped Mama overboard. As she fell, she sang, "And down will come baby, cradle and all."

While the Goonies, followed by Sloth, swam safely to shore, Mama climbed back on the pirate ship to claim the treasure. The Fratellis, after disturbing the pile of gems in front of One-Eyed Willy, found themselves on a rumbling, shaking ship; and the Goonies found themselves trapped in a rumbling, shaking passageway.



"Data! We need light!" Brand screamed.

Data reached into his pocket and grabbed what he thought was a road flare. Data lit the stick and it sparked, illuminating the passageway. The Goonies looked around and realized there was no way out.

Data noticed something about the flare. "Hey," he shouted. "This isn't a road flare...it's...it's... DYNAMITE!"

Data picked up the stick and ran crazily about, trying to find a place to ditch it. He saw a crack in the wall and shoved the dynamite in. Everybody ran for cover.

BOOM! BAAAARRRRRRROOOOOMMMM!!!

When the Goonies opened their eyes and looked through the smoke, they saw that the dynamite had blown a large hole in the wall. An opening! An exit to the outside world!

The Goonies gulped the fresh ocean air. They were scratched, bruised, and covered with mud, but they were no longer just kids from the Goon Docks.

A crowd rushed from the road to meet the young heroes. Police cars and ambulances waited on the sidelines. Brand and Mikey were hugged first by their mother, then by their father. The other Goonies hugged each other and their own worried parents.

Then Brand turned to Andy. "So what's it gonna be?" he asked her. "Part-time or full-time Goonie?"

Andy grinned. "Lifetime Goonie," she replied.

All of a sudden, Sloth lumbered out of the ocean, dragging the waterlogged Mama, Jake, and Francis with him. The police quickly took the Fratellis into custody.



Sloth gave a happy grunt. He was glad to see Chunk, who gave him a slice of pizza.

At that moment, Troy and his father pulled up to the beach. Mr. Perkins couldn't wait a second longer to complete his big deal. He strode over to Mikey's father. "I've come for the papers. I expect everything is in order?"

Mr. Walsh sighed.

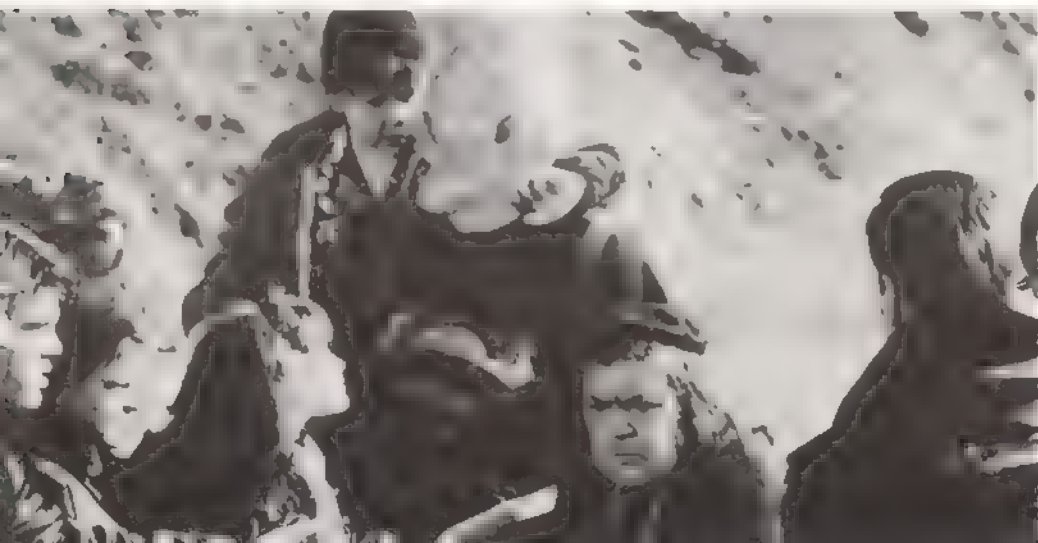
"I'm sorry, Dad," Mikey said. "We had our hands on the future, but... we threw it away to save our lives."

"You're back," said Mr. Walsh, "and that makes us the richest people in Astoria."

Mr. Perkins snorted. "You're looking at the richest person in Astoria. Now sign here."

But before Mr. Walsh could sign, Rosalita began shouting in Spanish. She'd been folding Mikey's wet clothes and had found his marble bag.

Mouth listened to Rosalita and translated, "Don't ...don't...DON'T SIGN!"





Mr. Walsh hesitated, puzzled. The Goonies pressed close to see. Rosalita opened her hands. The gems sparkled in the sunlight.

And suddenly the Goonies were surrounded by the press. Every newspaper reporter in Astoria had rushed to the beach to scoop the story. They gaped at the jewels and asked the Goonies a million questions.

"Hey, look!" someone shouted.

Everyone turned toward the ocean. They were met with a wondrous sight. The pirate ship sailed majestically across the sea with the skeleton of One-Eyed Willy in command.

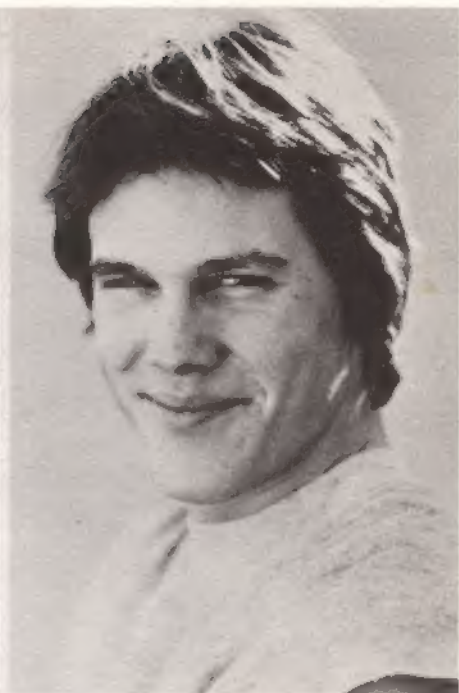
The Goonies jumped up on the rocks to see better. As they watched, Mikey's eyes filled with tears. "Bye, One-Eyed Willy," he whispered. "Thanks."

The Goonies had won! The Goon Docks would live forever!









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Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

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0-671-61126-7